

Judge Paine's decision, if sustained, deprive the New York steamers of a portion of the business which would otherwise be theirs, but it will lead to the establishment of competing lines further South.

We are constrained to say, that a more gross and glaring advocacy of human selfishness over human rights, of individual interest over the recognized principles of common humanity, was never seen in any paper that calls itself respectable, this side of Mason and Dixon's line. After the State Constitution, repealing one of its most vital prohibitions, simply because it may injuriously affect the interests of a few owners of steamboats! Why don't you ask Congress to repeal, as some paper has suggested, the law making piracy of the foreign slave trade? There is no doubt the New York ship and steamboat business would be greatly benefited, by that repeal. Thank God! New York is New York, and Boston is Boston, and by the utter selfishness of their leading commercial men, they have won for them the supreme disgust of all reasonable men throughout the North. These men may be adding to their own immediate interest by such a course, but the end of it comes hereafter.—*Lowell Journal.*

A citizen of New York cannot hold slaves because their laws do not authorize it, and a Southerner stands in the same position, and enjoys the same privileges when he is in that State, and this is all the Constitution confers. Slavery is local, and property in man is founded in positive law. There is no such law in New York, and therefore, neither its citizens nor others can claim man as property except when he escapes from a slaveholding State, and is claimed as a fugitive.

There are many cases in which property in one government is not such in another. At the North, the property in abolition documents, papers, books, &c., is as sacred under the law as any other kind of property, but in the South it is different. The circulation of this kind of matter is prohibited; it is seized by public officers and destroyed, and those having it in their possession for circulation are fined and imprisoned. While Southerners pass such laws and enforce them, they need not be surprised to see their Northern friends enforcing laws according to man, his natural and inalienable rights—laws having their birth in the highest sense of justice, and sustained by the Declaration of Independence.—*N. H. Sentinel.*

The Legislature of New York is called upon, by the *Journal of Commerce*, to re-establish Slavery within its limits, lest 'our steamers' should lose the business of transporting Slaves, and lest competition be established for the slave trade. This is certainly high ground on which to legislate, involving political and moral principles of the widest consequence. We cannot doubt that the people of Madison and St. Lawrence counties will come to the rescue of the Slaveboat interest in this respect. After the hope of commercial patronage shall have made the *Journal of Commerce* a little bolder in its unprincipled policy, it will doubtless recommend the re-establishment of the African Slave Trade, in order to restore to our vessels 'that portion of the business,' of which they have been 'deprived,' and to offset the severe 'competition' of vessels from Cuba and Brazil, to which they are now exposed.—*New York Times.*

TO SOUTHERN DEALERS. Your attention is respectfully invited to the advantages this market offers for the sale of your human property. Most other kinds of merchandise and cattle may be more profitably disposed of elsewhere, but for 'niggers,' there is no place like New York. It is astonishing, the greenness of the New-Yorkers in this branch of trade. You can get full price and over, for women, youngsters and babies that ain't worth half-price where people buy niggers to work 'em. On six or eight head, you may clear as much as \$2,000. You have to do is, to let your goods run away and catch them here, or else bring them yourselves on the way to Texas. Either method will prove successful, and fetch the cash.

N. B. This mode of selling don't hurt the conscience. You give the poor devils their freedom, deserve well of Heaven, and don't lose a cent by it. This is the great advantage.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The fund of five thousand dollars proposed to be raised to reimburse Mr. Jonathan Lemmon, of Virginia, for his slaves, set at liberty in this city last week, by the righteous decision of Judge Paine, has been completed, the cash has been paid over, and a surplus remains. The appeal made to the public to raise this money was two-fold; pity for a poor man unexpectedly deprived of his property, and secondly, the benefits of a reputation at the South for opposing such a law as that under which these eight human beings are set at liberty. It was but a proper tribute to moral honesty, as well as to the sanctity of true charity, that the real motive for giving to this fund should be so frankly set forth. As a business transaction, we know not that any fault is to be found with it. That it is shrewd, and well calculated to pay, no men are better qualified to judge than those who have been active in raising the fund. We doubt not it will turn out a handsome speculation, and that the names and firms advertised to the South as ready to assist the slaveholder to regain or to retain his property, lawfully and unlawfully, will reap the returns of the slight investments; and we have as little doubt that their gains will provoke the envy of no thinking or Christian man.

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The amount of the contributions to the fund in aid of the Lemmon slaves, was on Thursday last \$748. Good!

From the Oberlin Evangelist.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The press teems with eulogies, biographies and critiques on the departed statesman. In our opinion, the thing of most value in all this is the great moral of his life, the lesson it teaches so forcefully—warning against political recreancy to principle, and against its causes and occasions.

Daniel Webster more saw the truth than felt and owned its power. It has been many times said, 'He educated the conscience of the nation.' It must be added—he failed to educate his own. Truth lay clearly before his great mind—reposing in his spacious brain. O, had it only lived and reigned in an equally spacious and genial heart! But it did not, and this, at bottom, was his ruin. Here lay the secret of his mighty fall. He knew his duty, but he did it not.

Luxurious habits of life absorbed an enormous income, and created an insatiable demand for more. This laid him open to the corrupting power of Boston Gold. He ventured himself to set under the perilous influence of special and large pay—is it a wonder that where human nature never yet stood, Daniel Webster should fall? The Boston cotton interest had bought his conscience, and consequently his voice on the question on which the nation came to suit purchasers. We are compelled to record our belief that his acceptance of fifty thousand dollars, as a special fee for serving Boston in the Senate chamber, was a mill-stone to his neck.

Strong man though he was, yet *vice* was stronger. With his drinking habits, he never could have honored the Presidency, may never could have reached the great model of statesmanship, which he had so blind us to defects of character, but not so far as to throw the veil of oblivion over a great statesman's nakedness and shame. Fortunately, acrid scribbles not only principles but talents—corrupts not the heart only, but the head. The strong mind it has power to make weak and even silly. Hence there is all the less temptation to promote the great man, no weak and small under the fell hand of this universal destroyer.

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'Prepared by birth and association to be warm in his praise, I reluctantly confess that, orator, statesman, and American as he was, he did not represent the morals of the republican fathers, which so early in our history made the names of Washington, Adams and Jay illustrious and immortal.

With him there was reverence, but not the piety of the heart; in his later years, religion appearing but as an appendage to his character, if at all. A victim of strong passions, his career for years was one of luxury, extravagance, and disregard of moral practices and political consistency. It is well known that the charge of gross intemperance would have made him, as a candidate, vulnerable before the American people. The father an elector, only a moralist, would have reasoned thus: if in this day of reformation, when the fruits of intemperance are so appalling, I elevate an habitual drinker to the Presidency, I say to my son, and to all American youths,—This is the way to honor—no excesses will prove a barrier to the highest stations.' This fact deserves to be mentioned, that we may use its moral.

I need not repeat his words to prove that he arrayed himself against the most enlightened conscience of the age. It is known that the slave States seceded for a time conciliated and grateful for their new champion, but it is not forgotten that in the Conventions that make Presidents, he received not a vote from them, for their high office to which he aspired. How impressive the moral! May all future aspirants have it in memory! Truth and Freedom will secure all of human honors that are of any worth.

Mr. Webster's death was hastened on by political disappointment. Had his later years, like his earlier, been all for freedom—if he were doomed to die without reaching the object of his ambition, he might raise this money was two-fold; pity for a poor man unexpectedly deprived of his property, and secondly, the benefits of a reputation at the South for opposing such a law as that under which these eight human beings are set at liberty. It was but a proper tribute to moral honesty, as well as to the sanctity of true charity, that the real motive for giving to this fund should be so frankly set forth. As a business transaction, we know not that any fault is to be found with it. That it is shrewd, and well calculated to pay, no men are better qualified to judge than those who have been active in raising the fund. We doubt not it will turn out a handsome speculation, and that the names and firms advertised to the South as ready to assist the slaveholder to regain or to retain his property, lawfully and unlawfully, will reap the returns of the slight investments; and we have as little doubt that their gains will provoke the envy of no thinking or Christian man.

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with a rapid sale, we make the following extracts, and shall make some others next week:—

I know the charge of 'coarse denunciation' is often brought against my minister. We often hear that his speech and manner are too severe, his rebukes too unqualified, his criticisms on public and private character too intense and searching. With-in the last few days, no doubt, you have heard, as I have, his admirable discourse on Mr. Webster called *atrocious*; and, if so, it is, I think, a most judicious and salutary rebuke. But really in these times, and in such a crisis of the public sympathy as we are now passing through, when the voices of our pulpits for the last fortnight have been turning one way, monotonously as the prevailing breeze turns the weather-vanes on the top of the spires; when the columns of the public press are overladen and fatigued with indiscriminate panegyric, it is something like a refreshment to find one pulpit and a preacher honest, bold, truthful enough to be perfectly just on such a theme; so loyal to God that he can suffer no living or dead man to dethrone or eclipse him, and so strong that he can hold up the most colossal image or the heaviest brain which men have ever worshipped, and show that it is but flesh, or a fragment of man, with its flaws and dark stains, here and there running clear through the marble.

And look you now, let us be consistent. Is it indeed a public benefaction or a deed of mercy which builds up, yonder on our rocky shores of the Old Colony, the friendly lighthouse—a beacon signal and a warning to the approaching mariner in the midnight of his risks—when the precipitous rocks and breakers are about him? and is it any less a charity which quarries the very best of granite from the Hampshire granite, or the broken fragments of this great man's fame, such a monument of admonition as may forewarn other adventurers on the great sea of political ambition, and lifts these *'reeling lights'* by which the heedless may have caution, lest they drift along the sandbanks of a compromise or the black wills of a disappointment, to become only so many melancholy monuments of the past? Is it not the shore of human history? Is not he the best friend of his fellows, who lives ever in their sight the divine life of holiness; who is ever earnest for their welfare; who is willing to breast in their behalf the sweeping tempest of all worldly trials,—some 'St. Bernard of the Alpine snow-drifts, to whom the driving sleet and blinding snow of the political storm-pass are as nothing, when he knows that some poor, fainting brothers are under the avalanche,—some heroic champion of justice, willing to stand and fight single-handed, if he must, the great battle for freedom,—some meek sufferer for the right, standing Christ-like amid the buffeting and abuse of the black wills and the reprobate terms, to the great model of statesmanship, which he had so blind us to defects of character, but not so far as to throw the veil of oblivion over a great statesman's nakedness and shame. Fortunately, acrid scribbles not only principles but talents—corrupts not the heart only, but the head. The strong mind it has power to make weak and even silly. Hence there is all the less temptation to promote the great man, no weak and small under the fell hand of this universal destroyer.

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The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, DEC. 3, 1852.

EDITORIAL TOUR.

(CONTINUED.)

The intelligence of the death of DANIEL WEBSTER was received in Philadelphia, by telegraph, on Sunday morning, a few hours after that event took place at Marshfield. Though it excited in our breast feelings of the most perfect resignation, it took us somewhat by surprise; for when we left Boston only a few days before, sundry rumors were then afloat in the community, as to his being near the close of his earthly career, were indignantly denied as exaggerations by the *Courier* and *Ree*, his semi-official organs. To indicate the depth of his fall, and to make his humiliation complete, nothing was needed but the prolongation of his life beyond the Presidential election; for then he would have revealed to him his entire abandonment by the voting population of the country, save only by a graceless clique of vulgar idolaters in Boston, whose feeble and isolated support would have furnished a climax for the ridiculous. Whatever homage may now be feigned for his memory, it is a matter of history that, bad as the nation was, he had sunk so low and played so treacherous a part, as to forfeit the confidence of the very men whose warm political partisanship he had hoped to secure. In the arrogance of his pride, and the vigor of his impetuosity, he put forth all his powers to crush the anti-slavery enterprise; to make it little short of treason to seek, by moral and peaceful instrumentalities, to bring slavery to a perpetual end; to render even the discussion of the subject an odious and criminal act; and to make it impossible for any poor fugitive slave to find safety and protection from his pursuers, in any part of our national domains. Yet, for all this, the South would not condescend to give him a solitary vote; for though she 'loved the treason,' she openly 'despised the traitor.' Instead of reaching the Presidential chair, (as he had fondly hoped,) he has been hurried to the grave, as by the direct and retributive interposition of that God, whom, in his mad folly, he vainly attempted to dethrone! His body food for worms, what is his strength now? His spirit arraigned at the tribunal of eternal justice, what does he think now of that 'covenant with death,' which he received his ardent support—of that 'agreement with hell,' which he insisted was deserving of perpetual ratification—of that 'refuge of lies,' behind which he attempted to find shelter for all manner of villany, as embodied in the accused slave system? What is his opinion, now, of slave-breeding, slave-stealing, and slave catching? In the eternal world, he has yet been able to discover any law higher than the Constitution—higher than the Blue Ridge—higher even than the Alleghenies? Is God in alliance with the slaveholder or the slave?

Mr. Webster died on Sunday morning, Oct. 24th. According to the 'evangelical' faith of this nation, it was 'the holy Sabbath'—the day set apart, by divine appointment, exclusively for the worship of God, in which nothing superfluous is to be done, on peril of damnation. But, in spite of the holiness of the day, all the telegraphic mediums, throughout the country, were kept in active operation, communicating the particulars of his illness and the fact of his death; thus utterly distracting the 'worship' of the day, in ten thousand instances, and turning multitudes away from 'the contemplation of divine things,' and leading them to think and talk of nothing else than the death of Daniel Webster, and his possible bearings upon the affairs of the nation! Why was not this a desecration of 'the holy Sabbath'? Answer, if you can—say, if you dare—ye whose faith is soundly orthodox? True, your dearest ideal once said, by way of apology and defence, in a popular harangue made on a Sunday, to the people of Baltimore, 'There is no Sabbath in revolutionary times'—for is not the fourth commandment of the Decalogue as binding at all times as the first?—but, certainly, these are not revolutionary times, but every thing is quiet and serene, the effect of the adoption of the 'Compromise measures' as an everlasting 'finality'! Ye pious souls, who, a few years since, were so shocked at the transmission of news by the mail on the Sabbath, and who labored so strenuously to prevent that 'awful desecration' of the day, say, is it lawful to make use of telegraphic wires for this purpose, but a heinous sin to make use of a less fleet conveyance? Of what are your consciences made, that you wink at such a transaction, simply because it had reference to the death of Daniel Webster? Why should the whole country have been thus needlessly and injuriously excited on 'the Lord's day'? Are there not six days of the week on which tidings may be sent as pertaining to mortality? Ye hypocrites, 'which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel'!

But not only were the tidings transmitted in every direction, but the bells in the great cities were tolled, the thunder of cannon disturbed the 'sacred' quietude of the day, flags were hoisted half-mast, and other demonstrations made, just as though the first day of the week was no holier than any other! And, in reprobation of all this, what pulpit in the land, however orthodox, has ventured to bear even the feeblest testimony? Is it because the dead Webster was 'lord also of the Sabbath day'? Or is it not another striking proof of the utter servility of the American pulpit?

Take another pregnant fact. Since the demise of this colossal transgressor, there has been a contest between various sects for the honor and glory arising from his connection with the same! The Calvinists claim him, because he was connected with an orthodox church in New Hampshire; the Unitarians claim him, because he performed all his 'worshipping' while a resident of Boston, in the Brattle-street Church; the Episcopalians exult in view of the fact, that, in Washington, he attended 'divine service' at the Episcopal Church; and the Universalists are sure of him, because it is said that somewhere he was heard to express sentiments in accordance with their very liberal creed! What a commentary is this upon the rottenness of all these sects! Moreover, a very pertinent query rises here. How did it happen that he could do with impunity, what another could not do without being cast out of the church, and given over to the buffeting of Satan? Many years ago, he became (as already stated) a member of an orthodox church in his native State, and thus entered into solemn covenant with it, and with him. The Rev. Dr. Thompson, Unitarian minister of Salem, says that Mr. Webster told him that he still remained 'in regular membership' with that church, notwithstanding he had united himself with the Brattle-street (Unitarian) church in Boston. Now, why was not Mr. Webster arraigned by the New Hampshire church as a covenant-breaker, and dealt with accordingly? O, because he was 'a great man,' exerting a wide influence, and it would not be politic to arraign or excommunicate him! His membership, even in form, was a good investment for that church, and therefore not to be terminated by any disciplinary act of its own. Can any other reason be given? He ought to have been disciplined years ago for his private vices, aside from his theological heresies, according to the orthodox standard; and he would have been, promptly, if he had been an obscure and unimportant member of the body.

But this is not the place for us to depict the character or trace the career of Mr. Webster. We allude to him, in these sketches, simply because we happened to be in Philadelphia on the day of his death.

On the morning of that day, we had a refreshing interview with an old and much esteemed member of

the Society of Friends, the venerable ESTHER MOORE, whose interest in the cause of the slave is as fresh and vital as it was many years ago, on our first acquaintance; whose philanthropic concern covers the whole circumference of human suffering; and the elasticity of whose spirit illustrates the truthfulness of the scriptural declaration, that 'they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.' Among persons of her years, of either sex, rarely one is found whose views and aspirations keep pace with the progress of the age, like hers. Few are so well read, or so thoroughly 'booked up' in regard to our national affairs, as herself. There is an earnest and energetic soul to be seen in whatever she undertakes; her testimonies are delivered in plain language, and without circumlocution; her sympathies are strong, flowing, and world-embracing. She has been to us 'a mother in Israel,' at whose feet we sit reverently, and whose words of cheer, in many an hour of trial, have served mightily to strengthen and sustain us. May her life be greatly prolonged, and her translation be painless and ecstatic.

In the forenoon, we went to the Cherry Street meeting of Friends; though some of our party, who came soon afterward, found the gates fastened, and were unable to gain admittance. This is a new method of preventing persons getting into the kingdom! We could not learn the reason for such a strange procedure, and know of none that could justify it. This meeting is controlled by a primly pharisaical and inveterately humkerish clique, and is visibly diminishing in size—a sure sign of the growth of individual freedom and independence. The absurd and unmeaning practice of wearing the hat, in time of service, continues to be in vogue, though a great change has been wrought in the size of the brim and shape of the beaver. Whatever this practice signified in the days of George Fox and William Penn, (if it ever had any moral or religious significance,) it now evinces nothing better than a blending of eccentricity and formality, which good sense should long ere this have banished. The straw bonnet were not sorry to see extensively mingling with the drab, thus making an agreeable variety. It is a strange and ludicrous conceit, among any sect, to imagine that conformity in dress belongs to the region of taste or principle. Simplicity is one thing, and very commendable in its place; but always to wear the same color and the same cut is a very different thing. There is, in reality, no more of simplicity in dress among the Quakers, than among the members of the Boston Light Infantry Company while on parade. The organs of color and form are multifarious in their development and exercise; what one person admires, another rejects; but there is in nature scope enough for universal gratification. External Quakerism is gradually but surely passing away; but that which is of the heart, and as it was two centuries ago, only with a more radical tendency and with a more searching application of principle, is manifestly growing and extending in all directions. The sect, as such, has long since done its work—is now only an obstruction, and not a help to progress—and should be superseded by an organization better adapted to the wants of the time; but as for its distinguishing testimonies, they are embraced on a scale and advocated with a zeal and fidelity beyond all precedent.

After 'a season of silence,' which, as it has degenerated into a formal observance, is usually one of great stupidity, a portly woman rose in the 'high seats,' and delivered a rambling discourse, made up chiefly of scriptural quotations, without method or affinity. She assumed to speak under great 'concernment' of mind, and repeatedly applied the words of the apostle, 'Woe be to me if I preach not the gospel!' After promising that she had a message to deliver, and representing as though, in so doing, the utmost moral courage was required on her part, she proceeded to announce, with much fear and trembling, that she had seen the identical beast that John saw, (as described in Rev. xiii.) having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his head the name of blasphemy. After describing the frightful aspect of this beast, she kindly explained, for the enlightenment of such present as could not interpret so mystical an allusion, that she meant by it the 'Spiritual Manifestations,' so called! Against these, she felt constrained to lift up her voice, at whatever hazard, and to warn all present to beware of such diabolical proceedings. There was something so supremely ludicrous in all this, that we could not refrain from smiling, in spite of the gravity of the place and the occasion; especially at the amount of moral courage which the good woman imagined she was displaying, in attacking that which almost every body is pelted with ridicule, and to defend which, as something worthy of sober investigation, requires a good deal of nerve in its scoffing age.

ABJECT IDOLATRY.

If the apostle Paul had been in Boston on Tuesday last, his spirit would have been stirred within him, as it was in Athens, on seeing 'the whole city given to idolatry,' and all his moral combativeness would have manifested itself as of old.

We refer, of course, to the obsequies, commemorative of the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, which were observed with pompous civic and military honors. The procession occupied about one hour in passing a given point, though it was not so long as many of his idolaters had anticipated. Without the military demonstration, it would have presented a meagre appearance. After a long and wearisome march through various portions of the city, it finally reached Faneuil Hall, where, after sundry religious (i.e. exercises), a Eulogy was delivered by the Hon. GEORGE S. HILLARD, before a densely crowded assembly, the galleries being filled with ladies, with the exception of the eastern, which was reserved for the band and choir. The Legislature of New Hampshire was present, en masse. The decorations on the route were multifarious, some in good and others in very bad taste, with all kinds of lying and absurd mottoes. On one banner, in Harrison Avenue, we observed the following ludicrous announcement:—'I thank my God that I have never said ought of him!'—Who this devout individual was, that felt so thankful that he had never allowed the name of Daniel Webster to come from his lips, remains to be ascertained, as he forgot to put his own on the banner aforesaid, which afforded considerable merriment as the procession went by. The Billiard Hall, corner of Boylston street, was trimmed with festoons and stars, and showed a portrait of Mr. Webster heavily draped. At the end of the old State House fronting on Washington street, were three alcoves, in the middle one of which was a bust of Webster, having beneath it this motto:—'God will not cast away a perfect man!'—a satire upon all that is good and holy.

It was humiliating to see in the procession, three of the prominent advocates of the 'Free Democracy,' namely, Henry Wilson, Amasa Walker, and Anson Burlingame! Ostensibly mourning for the loss of a man whom they regard as traitorous to the cause of liberty! 'To such base uses do we come at last.'

Don't fail to read the atrocious articles in the 'Refuge of Oppression,' especially those from the New York papers, respecting the Lemmon case.

OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY.

A quarterly meeting of this Society was held on Dec. 21st, 1852, in the Universalist Church at Hingham, President, Bourne Spooner, of Plymouth, in the absence of which addressed the meeting. He thought the circumstances, Daniel Webster was no more; and influence for evil was now at an end; in view of which fact, anti-slavery had great reason to rejoice. If the advent of Jesus was to advance truth and humanity, we should rejoice in the death of such a man. We are laboring to subvert and overthrow these principles. He considered Daniel Webster of the same class. To Christ and his religion, Mr. Spooner dedicated his soul for a fallen world.

Lewis Ford made some observations, fully sustaining the position of the President, as also did Mr. Pillsbury.

Lewis Ford was chosen a Committee on the subject, who subsequently reported, as collected, \$300. The following resolutions were presented, and unanimously adopted. Resolved, That while the hundreds of thousands of the country are maintaining their enslaving and degrading conditions of slavery, we, standing on the ruins of all that, with a religion of deeds instead of of words, of works instead of of faith and force, will stand onward in our great enterprise of procuring deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound.

Resolved, That in our denunciation of a proslavery church and ministry, we can make no exception of any who are not excepted

HAMPSHIRE VINEYARD.

[illegible]

happy recollections of the brief season I had spent there.

Unfortunate circumstances operated to make the meetings at Munson Village a failure. Mr. House, the Baptist minister of that village, promises a full meeting in his house, if I will come some Sunday evening.

On Saturday, I went to Townsend, and had a good meeting on Saturday evening, though the attendance was small, and a better and larger gathering on Sunday evening. One of the anti-slavery friends from Boston was present, and gave the larger half of the contribution, and his kindness to me was most refreshing, and will not be forgotten.

At dawn this morning, I rose and prepared for my journey home. And here I am in my 'Bower of Joy,' happy to rest awhile from the toil and perplexities incident to the public labors of the reformer.

I forgot to mention at the proper place, that I spoke yesterday noon at Winch's Hall in Pepperell. That meeting was enlivened by a beautiful song beautifully sung by one of the gifted Hutchinson family. At that meeting, I referred to a very unwise speech made in Fitchburg by the Orthodox minister of Pepperell, who said there that he tore up and trod upon the request which poor Sims sent to the ministers for prayers at the time of his seizure in Boston, and that he thanked God that Sims was carried back, and on which he could have been there to kid in the consumption of that cruel work. What a position for a professed disciple of Christ to occupy!

I would say, in conclusion, that I think the present a most auspicious time to reascitate the anti-slavery cause in New Hampshire; and I would ask the readers of the *Liberator* in that State, if the State and County Societies of other times cannot now be raised to life. Is it not worth an effort to accomplish this result? My collections on this tour over expenses reach some ten dollars.

Yours fraternally, DANIEL FOSTER.
Cambridge, Nov. 22, 1852.

TRIBUTE TO ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER.
HARLEBANK, (near Adrian,) Mich., }
November 15th, 1852. }

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:

DEAR FRIEND,—I write from a spot consecrated to all sweetly pleasant memories, to kindly home affections, to world-wide charity—the home for years of ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER, where she died so calmly as to make that last scene a fit close of her pure life on earth, and a sweet and solemn Passover to a higher life in the world of spirits.

I can look across the field and see the white paling enclosing her remains, buried in a secluded spot of her own choosing—a gentle rise of ground, shaded by a forest grove. I have conversed with those who knew her well, and all speak of her earnest affection, her genial social qualities, and the kind interest always felt in the simple every day plans and affairs of the neighborhood of pioneers she lived among; a rare combination of regard for life's home-bred charities with exalted intellect and cultivated taste, winning all—even the rude and untutored—to love her, and do reverent homage to a true womanly nature.

In her deeply religious nature, loving reverence of God as the good Father was beautifully joined with love and good deeds to all. Four years she lived with a beloved brother and aunt, in an humble log cabin, after the plain style of pioneer life in the West, then almost a wilderness; and most of her poems were written beneath the roof of that simple dwelling.

Reading, domestic cares, and the society of her kind family, correspondence with a few friends in Philadelphia, free and friendly intercourse with a few neighbors, and her earnest interest and efforts in behalf of the oppressed slave, seem to have made each day short in which to do all that duty and pleasure walking hand in hand, led her to attempt. An intense love of nature found abundant gratification in the wild flower springing up in wondrous beauty and abundance, the undulating prairies, the oak openings, (such lawns and grand old trees as a nobleman might despair to equal,) and the crystal lakes which made Michigan so like fairy land in its early days, to those whose 'ancient eyes' were open to such beauty.

With high talent, a remarkable ease and wealth of language, a ready command of such words as flow easily in verse, she might have been one of the most popular writers of her day; but probably the thought never entered her pure mind of gaining reputation by sacrificing duty; the wail of woman's anguish, sunk deep into her heart—woman enslaved, trampled on as an unholy thing—and she said to her free sisters—

'Shall we behold unheeding
Life's holiest feelings crushed?
While woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hushed?'

A shrinking dislike of notoriety made her slow to come in contact with the world, but the Slave's appeal borne daily to her from the land of chains overcame this feeling, and day after day in her secluded home, she wrote those poems which gave strength to many a soul, roused many a heart to sympathy, and made her known and loved by the abolitionists. They made it impossible, too, for her to be popular with the rich and fashionable, to win applause which might easily have been gained by touching on more popular themes; but Truth alone is immortal, and a name bright and lasting, 'in the light of a world's Liberty,' shall yet be hers.

Some time after her removal to the West, an eastern friend wrote her, fearing she might forget the anti-slavery cause amid the varied and novel incidents of Western life. In reply, these beautiful lines were sent:—

'O! tell me not I shall forget,
Amid the scenes of Nature's reign,
The cheeks with bitter tear-drops wet,
The hearts whose every throb is pain.

The woodbird's merry notes may ring,
Exulting 'neath the clear blue sky;
But louder still the breezes bring
The echo of a sister's cry.

The verdant sod beneath my feet,
The treasures of its flowers may spread,
And close embowering branches meet,
In fresh'ning coolness o'er my head.

But not for these, O! not for these,
Can I forget the Afric's woe;
The sighs that float on every breeze,
The streaming tears that ceaseless flow.

No! though the loveliness of earth
Had touched my spirit like a spell,
And soothed me back to joy and mirth,
When darkness else had round me fell;

Though not the simplest bud that droops
Beneath its weight of morning dew,
When light the orient spiny stoops
To trifle with its petals blue;

Though not a breeze that stirs the grove,
Or wing that cleaves the summer air,
But hath a link upon my love,
Or strikes some chord of feeling there;

Yet think not they can lull my heart
To carelessness of human woe,
Or bid the bitter tears that start
For Afric's wrongs, no longer flow.'

Words from the very depths of a heart full of kindness, humanity, tender compassion, noble purity, and heroic truthfulness.

Blind and careless indeed must that mother be who can read the 'Slave Mother's Farewell' without being not only melted to tears, but moved to action in behalf of thousands of American mothers robbed

My God! had he mercy on thee, son, for man's stern
heart hath none!

My gentle boy, my beautiful, my loved and only one!
I would the bitter tears that steep thy young and
grief-doomed head,

Were springing from a broken heart, that mourned
thee with the dead.

And yet, how often have I watched about thine infant
sleep,

With love whose gushing tenderness strove vainly not
to weep,

When, starting through my timid heart, the thought
that thou *couldst* die,

Shot, even amid a mother's bliss, a pang of agony.

How may I live bereft of thee? Thy smile was all
that flung

A ray of gladness 'mid the gloom for ever round me
hung;

How may a mother's heart endure to think upon thy
fate,

Thou, doomed to misery and chains! so young and
desolate!

Farewell! farewell!—They tear thee hence, and yet
my heart beats on!

How can it bear the weight of life, when thou art from
me gone?

Mine own; mine own!—Yet cruel hands have bartered
thee for gold,

And torn thee, with a ruthless grasp, for ever from
my hold!

But space allows no more. Those who would appreciate a kind and noble woman, who would like her, should read her works, each line of which is a transcript of her feelings and character. The books and manuscripts she left are all preserved with reverent care. I have been deeply interested in looking them over. The name of 'Hazlebank' she gave to the farm, it is still often known by; the log cabin has given place to a neat farm house. The location chosen for their home is a beautiful one; the summit of a gentle swell—hardly a hill even—some distance from the road, from which we can look over a wide range of field and grove, a few dwellings only in sight—a delightful rural prospect.

Thomas Chandler, the brother with whom she came to the West, resides here. In life, they were most affectionately attached, and her memory is cherished still with a deep and sacred affection.

Allow me, in closing, to express the hope that at the approaching Anti-Slavery Bazaar, when the women of your city and vicinity preside over, among the locks which go from their tables as messengers to call the true-hearted anew to duty, and awaken those not yet engaged in the great work of Freedom, the writings of Elizabeth M. Chandler may find many readers, her words reach many hearts.

Yours truly,
G. B. STEBBINS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Suggested by an article in the Prisoner's Friend, written by the Editor.

CHARLES SPEAR:

DEAR FRIEND:—I wish to say a few words respecting the late Daniel Webster, although I feel my entire inability to do any justice to so momentous a subject. If it were a Howard, a Wilberforce, or a Clarkson, or if it were one of our more modern reformers, who are laboring day and night, in season and out of season, to ameliorate the sufferings and smooth the pathway of our fellow-beings, I should feel that I knew what to say; but as it was, how can I say, as friend Spear does?—'He rests from his labors; he sleeps in peace?' How can I say, 'We were startled at the death of Calhoun, then of Henry Clay, and now of Webster?' If I was startled, it was on their account, feeling the deep solemnity of so great a misuse of intellect and influence. If, like one we read of, Daniel Webster had wrapped his talents in a napkin and hid them in the earth, I could innocently have held my peace, and left them to his own conscience. Who can fill their places? I sincerely hope their places will never be filled by men like them.

'Among our remaining statesmen and legislators, Mr. Webster leaves no equal.' It would be a pleasant thing to me to feel so I could, that there were none left who would be continually devising plans and ingenious schemes for perpetuating deep-rooted evils and creating new ones.

'In common with our fellow-citizens, we mourn.' 'We have been made sad by the event.' I know the train of reflections, that would naturally arise in our minds in contrasting his life with what it might have been, would be depressing; but I feel when such men go, who are wielding so powerful an influence for evil and only evil, that it is a great gain to the world; that humanity will no longer suffer in consequence of what they can do. And I could not believe 'A private funeral was his ardent wish,' after recollecting that speaking humbly of himself was considered a passion of his, that thereby he might draw something different from others. 'He has gone down like some brief exhalations of the evening.' If so, they were misanthropic exhalations, which tint and poison the atmosphere around, and, like an *ignis fatuus*, 'leads to bewilder and dazes to blind.' I can truly say, 'A great moral should be drawn from his death,' and 'let the grave teach us humility.' It ought to teach us humility, and to shun such examples, and cling closer to the truth than ever.

But how countenance the fulsome adulations that are now being heaped upon him, by saying, 'A great man has fallen?' Great, indeed, in intellect, but far more degraded, in my view, than the veriest meanest he was trampling upon, and assisting, as yet as oppression is compelling, to destroy. Yes, he was a great man. 'He lives in his works.' Certainly, his name will live in the records of infamy, for his deliberate aid in concealing and sustaining the dreadful Fugitive Slave Bill, even if every other act of his life could be blotted out.

I should not have written this, after reading Edmund Quincy's article, because, as he said, that seemed rather like a restorative, after so much that was disgusting, (for I have always felt, when I have heard high eulogies passed upon such persons, that it means nothing but a wish for popularity and to go with the multitude;) but I was called out by the above remarks made by our friend, Charles Spear—a whole-hearted Philanthropist, one who is devoting his life to doing good, constantly laboring for the welfare of humanity, and to redeem the world. I read the article with profound astonishment, and consider it the very case of inconsistency; and in view of it, if I were a slave, I should exclaim, with an added pang to my lacerated heart, 'Save me from my friends!'

SARAH D. FISKE.

Rochester, Nov. 18, 1852.

BLOCKHEAD MANUFACTURE OF THE SOUTH.

BY SHARNPSTICK.

At one poll in a large Virginia town, fourteen natives of the 'Old Dominion' came up and voted, the 2nd of November, who, on being questioned, did not know whether George Washington was alive or dead and four of them believed that Andrew Jackson was now the President of these United States!! I have this statement from a reliable and wide-awake Northern mechanic, who was last month engaged on a job in the town referred to. The story is not at all in accordance, when the census returns of 1850 show the presence of 6000 adult white persons in the gasconading State who cannot read and write. How are the people at large to gain a correct knowledge of our history where there is no system of public schools—where printing-presses are few and scattered—and muzzled into the bargain, by fear of lynch law—where churches and preachers have to become total un-Christened before they can exist at all—where

on through every vein and along every fibre of the body politic? Human blood produces in a community the same effect that charcoal fumes do in a close room: it makes the lamp of learning burn dimly and die out, and stifles and chokes down the nobler aspirations of the heart.

Therefore I say to the whole horde of pro-slavery spouters and scribblers, from Guano Heard down to Dr. Dewey, that they may ransack old Massachusetts with a search-warrant, and they can't find fourteen native-born citizens wrapped in so thick a pall of ignorance as the above-mentioned fourteen children of the 'Mother of Presidents,' who voted in a single town on the day of the Presidential election. To score up the solidest blockheads in matters of intellect, the basest villains in matters of morality, the cruelest savages in matters of affection, and the grossest heathen in matters of religion, one needs only to go where the 'peculiar institution' is working out its awful and unavoidable results.

❖ NINETEENTH ❖
NATIONAL

ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar will open on the morning of WEDNESDAY, the 22d of December, at 10 o'clock, in HORTICULTURAL HALL, Schermerhorn street.

While the Managers regret that circumstances have prevented their opening a larger Hall, they have much pleasure in calling the attention of their friends to the facts of its central situation and convenient access as important compensations. The size and ornamental arrangements of the Hall are such as to dispense with all necessity for decoration, a circumstance on which we would congratulate the friends who have so kindly assumed the responsibility of this great labor in past years. We are also obliged to re-engage a Refreshment Room for the use of ladies acting as saleswomen, but the number of omnibuses near the Hall will render this a matter of less inconvenience than would otherwise be the case.

A Refreshment Table in the Hall will be provided as in former years, and we would solicit the usual supplies from such friends as have heretofore assumed the charge of this department. Tea, Coffee, Cake, Fruit, Cream and Confectionary will be particularly acceptable.

Societies or individuals who may prefer to make donations of money to the Bazaar, in preference to manufactured articles, are informed that it will be equally acceptable and duly acknowledged in the Bazaar Gazette.

The articles offered for sale will be as varied and beautiful as in any former year, and we trust that every abolitionist who can conveniently do so will feel it a matter of conscientious obligation to aid the coming Bazaar, either by donation or purchase.

Let all friendly to the abolition of American Slavery delay the purchase of their Christmas and New Year's Gifts till the 22d of December, and they can gratify by the same act their affections and philanthropy alike.

The Liberty Bell will be published on the first morning of the Bazaar.

GENERAL NOTICE.

We have learned with much regret, that our friends in Norfolk and Plymouth counties—and very probably in other places—have been lately imposed upon by a man calling himself John Smith, (!) representing himself to be a fugitive slave seeking to remove his family to Canada, and making use of the names of R. F. Wallcut and others connected with the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Will our friends everywhere bear in mind to credit no statement as from us, unless duly certified by us in writing?

Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill, Boston, }
November 12th, 1852. }

From the Nantucket Mirror.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER. Two hundred and thirty-three legal voters joined in an invitation to the Hon. Charles Sumner, to visit Nantucket, that he might address our citizens on the issues involved in the late National and State Elections; to which he has since returned the following answer. It explains the cause of his non-acceptance, a result which disappointed the wishes of those who tendered the invitation:

BOSTON, Nov. 5th, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:—Owing to my absence from the city, I did not receive your favor of Oct. 21st, until it was too late to act upon it. I write now, that I may not seem indifferent to your desires, or to our great cause.

Other engagements and the pursuit of health prevented me from thinking of any part in political labors immediately after our Convention at Lowell. And since the death of Mr. Webster, my predecessor in the Senate, I have felt an additional constraint, which I don't now feel you will appreciate.

Believe me, gentlemen,
sincerely yours,
CHARLES SUMNER.

As Mr. Sumner peremptorily refused to speak, before Mr. Webster's death, we do not see how that event was any 'additional constraint.' The excuse is frivolous and unworthy a man who pretends to a share of common sense, or any interest in the 'great cause.' The 'great cause' will go, as Mentilli says, 'to the damnation, however, of a ruler who has before friends than Mr. Sumner has proved himself to be during the late canvass.'—*Lowell American.*

❖ The Greenfield Gazette says: ❖

'We have the authority of two responsible men, for stating that Hon. William Griswold, in a conversation with several old hunkers a few days before election (in which Mr. Griswold was advocating another Coalition) stated that the Coalition wanted to get the Legislature; then they could elect Horace Mann Governor, and send Mr. Bishop or some other good Democrat to the United States Senate, who could stop Charles Sumner's mouth, or words to that effect.

This is probably a lie; but if stopping Charles Sumner's mouth in the Senate would be the means of opening it in Massachusetts, where his voice is more needed, the gagging process said to be contemplated by Mr. Griswold would not be without its compensating benefits.'—*Ibid.*

MR. FILLABURY, unitarian and indomitable, has recommended his labors in New England. A series of meetings are advertised for him, commencing on Wednesday last. Our readers will find themselves gratified with his early remembrance of them in our paper to-day. The proceedings of the British Consul (Mr. Matthews) relative to the imprisonment of a colored seaman from the British ship Clyde, and recommendation of the law, so as to meet similar cases for the future. Self-respect, the Governor says, demands that not a jot or tittle of the law should be abated.

The message concludes by congratulating the State on the present political calm, but fears it will not be of long duration, and hopes that the Southern States will be the recipients of a more salutary influence. He thinks will undoubtedly come, will arise in their majesty and strength, and, in conjunction with South Carolina, take their place in a Southern confederacy among the nations of the earth.

CHARLESTON, NOV. 23.

The Governor's Message was delivered to the Legislature to-day. Among other things, the message alludes to the proceedings of the British Consul (Mr. Matthews) relative to the imprisonment of a colored seaman from the British ship Clyde, and recommendation of the law, so as to meet similar cases for the future. Self-respect, the Governor says, demands that not a jot or tittle of the law should be abated.

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The message concludes by congratulating the State on the present political calm, but fears it will not be of long duration, and hopes that the Southern States will be the recipients of a more salutary influence. He thinks will undoubtedly come, will arise in their majesty and strength, and, in conjunction with South Carolina, take their place in a Southern confederacy among the nations of the earth.

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Death of an Old Sergeant.—The Philadelphia papers announce the death of the Hon. JOHN SARGENT, a distinguished inhabitant of that city, who has borne many public honours, and in 1832 was the Whig candidate for President of the United States. 'His last appearance in public,' says the *Philadelphia North American*, 'was as President of the great Union meeting which assembled in this city on the adoption of the Compromise measures. The last time his voice was then heard, it seemed to be heard amongst us, was in an appeal for the Constitution and the Union. It was an interesting sight to witness the consistent effort of Philadelphia's favorite son—from him who had resisted manfully and conscientiously the extension of slavery in his early manhood—for to the last hour of his life he deplored the defeat of the Missouri restriction—to find him uttering his latest words in behalf of conciliation, and peace, and Union.'

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 24.

Death of Hon. Walter Forward.—The Hon. Walter Forward died this morning, of bilious cholera, in the 66th year of his age. He has filled many important stations—represented this city in Congress for many years—was Secretary of the Treasury under President Tyler—was minister to Denmark, and up to his death a Judge of the District Court. He will be much lamented in this community.

☞ The Norwich, Conn., *Courier* announces the death of Hon. Henry Strong, a distinguished lawyer of that State.

☞ *Uncle Tom's Cabin Almanac*.—This is the title of an Almanac published by John Cassal, London, which is commended by the English papers as 'one of the most complete works on American slavery that have ever been published.' It is largely illustrated after designs by Cruikshank, and sells for a shilling.

Alabama.—The result of the Political election in Ohio, as officially declared, is as follows:—

Pierce,	28,881	Pierce over Scott,	11,848
Fremont,	15,038	over all,	9,669
Troup,	2,174		

Shocking!—On Wednesday morning, a house in North Adams, Mass., occupied by Irish families, was consumed by fire, and the wife of Martin Heath, and her child, 15 months old, perished in the flames. Heath is missing, and it is very strongly suspected that he murdered the woman and child, and then set fire to the house, and fled. He and his wife were of intemperate habits, and frequently quarrelled. Persons are in pursuit of him.

Thomas Francis Magner delivered a lecture at Metropolitan Hall, New York, on Thursday evening. The Tribune states that the audience was the largest ever attracted to hear one man in that city, and that over five thousand persons were present. The subject was 'Australia,' and Mr. Magner spoke two hours.

Bloody Despotism.—A letter from Malta states that twenty-four political prisoners were shot at Lincolnia, after an imprisonment of nearly four years. Among them was Col. Simondelli.

☞ Governor Johnson, of Virginia, has called the attention of the Legislature to the recent slave case at New York. He does not commend any specific action, but says, that when he obtains a certified copy of the proceedings in the case, he will make it the subject of a communication.

☞ A Havana correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser* says the Cubans are beginning to import Indians from Yucatan, who are hired out for a term of years, and are treated as slaves.

☞ The Vermonters are petitioning in earnest for the Maine Law, 37,000 signatures, 17,000 of them legal voters, having been presented to the Legislature of that State.

☞ Hon. Charles G. Atherton has been elected U. Senator, from New Hampshire, in place of John P. Hale.

Death from Grief.—Two maiden ladies, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Mary Beaufort, aged 77 and 73 respectively, resided at Tavistock all their lives together, doing acts of charity and benevolence. On Monday, Miss Elizabeth, who had been ailing for some time past, died, and her sister was so affected by the circumstance, that she too expired within an hour, although she had been, up to that time, in the enjoyment of her usual health.—*London Shipping Gazette.*

☞ Hon. John P. Hale was in town on Friday, visited the Navy Yard, and was greeted by the customary salute.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

☞ The President of Dominica, on the Island of Hayti, has issued a manifesto, forbidding foreigners to enter any of the specified ports. This is with reference to the reports that 'emigration' was to be made from this country. Importation of firearms is prohibited.

NEW BEDFORD. We understand that Rev. JOHN PIERCE, of Medford, will give the Introductory Lecture at their annual course before the New Bedford Anti-Slavery Society, on Friday evening, Dec. 10.

PARKER PILLSBURY,
An Agent of the Mass. A. S. Society, will lecture as follows:—

Marshfield,	Friday,	December 3,
Plymouth,	Sunday,	" 5,
Kittery,	Monday,	" 6,
Plymouth,	Wednesday,	" 8,
Pembroke,	Friday,	" 10,

DANIEL FOSTER,
An Agent of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:—

Northboro',	Friday,	Dec. 3,
Berlin,	Saturday and Sunday,	4 and 5,
Boylston Centre,	Monday,	6,
West Boylston,	Tuesday,	7,
Sterling,	Wednesday,	8,
Holden,	Friday,	10,

WORCESTER CO. NORTH A. S. SOCIETY.
A quarterly meeting of the Worcester Co. (North Division) A. S. Society will be held at Westminster Town Hall, the 22d and 23d of Dec., commencing on the 22d, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

Daniel Foster, Wm. B. Stone, and other speakers will be present. Citizens, without distinction, are invited to attend; and it is hoped that the friends of freedom in the neighboring towns will make a special effort to be present.

A. A. BENT, Secretary.
J. T. EVERETT, President.

NOTICE.
The Congregation at Leyden Hall, on Sunday, Dec. 5, will be addressed by **PARKER PILLSBURY**, of Concord, N. H. Hours, 2 and 7 P. M. Admission free. There will be a box at the door to receive the contributions of those persons who choose to aid the meeting.

Plymouth, December 1.

OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY.
FOREFATHERS DAY!
The approaching anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Forefathers will be duly observed by the above Society, on **WEDNESDAY, December 23d, 1852**, in the Green Church, at Plymouth. Further particulars hereafter.

BOURNE SPOONER, Pres.
H. H. BRIGHAM, Sec.

NOTICE.
JOHN T. SARGENT, of Boston, will preach in Abington Town Hall, on Sunday, Dec. 12.

MARRIED.—In Andover, November 24, by George Foster, Esq., Mr. James Jackson Siskeld, of Andover, to Miss Marynard, of Lowell, formerly of Roxbury, N. H.

In Newport, Nov. 25, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. George Pell to Miss Sarah A. Rice.

☞ Accompanying this notice we received a very liberal piece of the wedding-cake. The marriage couple have our best wishes for their future happiness.—*Ed. Lib.*

DIED.—In Barnstable, 30th ultimo, Mrs. Lucy wife of Mr. Ezekiel Thacher, aged 55 years. In the death of this estimable woman, the slave has lost one of his warmest and truest friends. She deservedly ranked among 'the excellent of the earth.'

In this city, November 16th, Ann, wife of E. Cesar, aged 40; also, on the 18th, Catherine, of the daughter, aged 4 years. The mother had endeavored herself to a large circle by her amiable character. Her husband and surviving children, her loss is irreparable. But recently, death had made victims of other prominent members of the family, the remembrance of which fact deepened the impression made on the daughter by the one funeral service for mother and daughter.

An Edition for the Million.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN FOR \$71-2 CENTS.

WE have yielded to the repeated and earnest solicitations of numerous friends of humanity, and now offer to them and to the public generally—**THE LIVING MASSES**—an edition of Mrs. Stowe's unrivalled work at a price so low as to bring it within the means of every person. It seems a work of supererogation to speak in complimentary terms of a book,

(ONE MILLION COPIES)

of which have been printed, in this country and in Europe, in a little more than six months—a sale which has no contemporary in the world's history. Yet notwithstanding this immense sale, there are hundreds of thousands in our own country who have not yet perused the glowing pages of **UNCLE TOM'S CABIN**, many of whom have been prevented from obtaining so, from inability to purchase. To remove this obstacle, we have issued this edition.

(FOR THE MILLION.)

And millions will now read it, and own it, and drink its heavenly principles, and the living generations of men will imbibes its noble sentiments, and generations yet unborn will rise up and bless its author, and thank the God of Heaven for inspiring a noble woman to utter such glowing, burning truths, for the redemption of the oppressed millions of our race.

To Booksellers, Philanthropic Societies, who wish to purchase the above by the thousand, for sale or distribution, a liberal discount will be made. The edition is very neatly printed in a large octavo pamphlet of 166 pages, double columns, thick paper covers, and finely illustrated by the artist. We now offer to the public the following editions:—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.	RETAIL.
The edition for the Million,	\$71-2 cents
In German, (in press, to be published about the 1st of January, 1853),	50 "
The edition in two vols., bound in new, cloth half leather covers,	\$1 50
Superb Illustrated Edition, with 145 Original Designs, by Billings, engraved by Baker & Smith, in 1 vol. octavo, cloth,	2 50
Cloth, full gilt,	3 50
Extra Turkey, full gilt,	5 00

JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

P. S.—MRS. STOWE IS NOW PREPARING, and in a few days will offer to the public,

A KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Being a complete refutation of some charges which have been made against her on account of alleged overstatements of facts in Uncle Tom. It will make a pamphlet of about 100 pages, in double columns, with the original facts and documents, most thoroughly establishing the truth of every statement in her book. Price 25 cts.

Dec. 3. 56ts

STURGEON'S GIFT BOOKS.

JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., BOSTON.

HAVE published the following superbly illustrated Gift Books:—

HEAVEN AND ITS SCRIPTURAL EMBLEMS.

By REV. RUFUS W. CLARK.

This work is intended by the reverend and talented author to fill a place too much neglected in the Gift Book literature of our country, viz. the **RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT**. He has presented a **Picture of Heaven**, drawn with graphic power and eloquence, and with a full and accurate foundation, to make of this one of the most splendid volumes, to its engravings, its paper, printing, and binding, we intend it shall be as neat finish as possible. In one volume, 1 vol. in cloth, \$2 50; cloth gilt, \$3 50; Turkey, \$3 00. Dec. 25 1st.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

By MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Re-stereotyped in one octavo volume, with **St. Portraits of Mrs. STOWE and LITTLE EVA**, and illustrated with **ONE HUNDRED ORIGINAL DESIGNS, by BILLINGS**; engraved in the highest style of Wood Engraving, by ten of the most distinguished artists in America, and with illustrations to make of this one of the most splendid volumes, to its engravings, its paper, printing, and binding, ever issued from the American press. It will be ready December 1. Price, in cloth, \$2 50; cloth gilt, \$3 50; Turkey, \$3 00.

By the above from the Trade, for the above works are respectfully solicited.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

THE BOOK OF "A THOUSAND ANECDOTES"

Humorous, gr and witty. An interesting book by MR. LAZARTE WURN.

THE SHADY SIDE:

OR, LIFE IN A COUNTRY PARSONAGE.

By A PASTOR'S WIFE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTERIOUS AGENTS

Publishing in numbers. Nos. 1 and 2 now ready.

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The Spiritual Rappings humberg is thoroughly exposed in these able pamphlets of Dr. Rogers, the author showing conclusively that these rappings proceed from physical and not from spiritual causes.

THE AUTOGRAPHS OF FREEDOM:

Being contributions to the cause of humanity by the most distinguished philanthropists of America and England.

THE TRIAL BY JURY.

By LYNDAER SPOONER.

An ingenious and very able work.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, IN GERMAN.

We have in press, and shall issue as early as possible, this great work in the German language. It being translated by Prof. HETTON, one of the most distinguished German scholars in this country. We shall issue it in one volume octavo, double columns, with the **FINEST CUTS**.

Orders from the Trade solicited.

Published by **JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., BOSTON, Mass.**

Dec. 3. 56ts

REFORM MEDICAL COLLEGE.

PROF. W. BEACH has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and the public in general, that he has taken a place in Boston, expressly to teach the principles of the Reform or Eclectic practice of Medicine. It consists of two Departments—Male and Female.

Every branch of medicine will be taught necessary to qualify the student for successful practice.

Dr. BEACH, the Principal of the School, will be aided by suitable Professors.

Particular success is connected with the Institution where the student may learn the various formulae and compounds peculiar to the new school of Medicine.

One of the most desirable and important acquisitions in this Institution is the facilities offered to students of learning the **Healing Art**, without the usual and dangerous practice of dissections, by means of Anatomical Models, Natural Preparations of the Human System, Plates, Diagrams, &c. A superior and speedy method of instruction adopted in the school is by **CLINICAL PRACTICE**, or learning the character and treatment of disease at the bedside of the sick, or by experience.

The method of instruction in general will be by Lessons, Recitations, Examinations, and Text Books adopted by the Reform School of Medicine.

The principles of the Reform Medical College will be taught both as regards the subject matter and manner of teaching—a deficiency now so obvious, even in our Reformed Medical Colleges.

This Institution is designed as a Model School of Medicine and Surgery, to establish branches in various sections of the country, where both sexes may be well qualified in the divine art of healing the sick and sent to every city, town and village in the Union that may experience its blessings.

TERMS.—The terms for qualifying Females will be \$75, one half payable in advance, the remainder when the studies are completed.

It paid in advance, only \$50.

A good English culture only required.

For the Winter Session, the Summer session will commence on **WEDNESDAY, 1st of December next.** The second, or Summer session, will commence on the 1st **MONDAY** in May ensuing.

When students are qualified for their profession they will receive a **DIPLOMA**, without any formal examination, under the sanction of a Charter from the State of New York.

For further information, apply personally, or to post, to **W. BEACH, M.D., at the Marlboro' Hotel**



'TOPSY' OR THE SLAVE GIRL'S APPEAL

TO THE VISITORS AND PATRONS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR, TO BE HELD IN BOSTON, U. S., IN THE TWELFTH MONTH, (DEC.) 1852.

• Come, and list to little Topsy,
Hear a little slave-girl's tale,
Sure I am her simple story
Of will make thy cheek turn pale.

• Ladies, I never knew my mother,
• Specta I never mother had,
Nor a father, sister, brother;
Missus said 'I was too bad.'

• Always was a little nigger,
Knows not yet how old I are;
But, I think I'm rather bigger,
Since this time I came so far.

• Tho' I still am very naughty,
And sad, and grumpy child,
Yet, since good Miss 'Feely' taught me,
I'm not quite so rude and wild.

• Ah! when first Miss Eva touched me,
With her soft and pretty hand,
Not a more degraded nigger
Cret or walked upon the land.

• Full of tricks, as thieving, lying,
Hating all with wicked hate;
Getting punish'd, roaring, crying,
That was my most wicked state.

• Then, Miss Eva looked so loving,
Spoke so sweetly in my ear,
Told me I was worth improving,
Said, 'I nothing had to fear.'

• But, I scarcely could believe her;
Always thought I was too bad;
Nigger always be deceiver,
Always sorry, never glad.

• Then she talked of God and heaven,
Said, a nigger had a soul,
Blacks, like whites, could be forgiven,
Broken hearts could be made whole.

• No! Miss Eva, never! never!
My old Missus always said:
Niggers had no feelings ever,
Lash them, whip them, till they dead.

• No, Miss Eva, nothing change me,
• Cept my black skin turn quite white;
You and Massa treat me kindly,
Still, I never can do right.

• Tho' Miss Feely tries to like me,
Yet, if I but touch her clothes,
With a push she'll drive me from her;
Hates me like a toad, I s'pose.

• While I talked, the tears were dropping
From dear Miss Eva's eyes,
And my breast seemed nearly stopping;
From her side I could not rise.

• Missy weep for naughty Topsy!
White girl cry for nigger black!
From that moment I felt better,
All my hatred turn'd quite back.

• Topsy, Topsy! Eva loves you,
And she wants you to be good,
What! Miss Eva love poor Topsy,
Wicked Topsy, wild and rude!

• Missy died—and went to heaven,
Where poor Topsy hopes to go;
Hopes to have her sins forgiven,
Black girl's soul made white as snow.

• Uncle Tom had told Miss Eva
All about a Savior's love;
Topsy 'speaks the time is coming
When she'll meet them both above.

• Here I am, a slave no longer,
Good Miss Feely made me free;
Every day my love grows stronger,
For Miss Feely's love to me.

• Still I'm ignorant and careless,
Little do, and little know,
But, I hope, with kinder teaching,
Every day I'll wiser grow.

• Topsy's tale, my friends, is ended,
• 'Tis the tale of every slave;
Let your feelings be suspended;
Your attention we would crave.

• Shall we still uphold a system
Which our nation's glory stains?
Leave to misery the victim
Whom foul slavery retains?

• No! our better feelings token,
Christianity declares
Slavery's chains must soon be broken;
God will hear the black man's prayers.

• Signs and groans, each hour ascending,
Will not disregard be;
God, his ear in mercy bending,
Soon will set the negro free.

• America may boast of freedom—
Idle boasting! free thy slaves!
Thou a lay-word art becoming
To the lands across the waves.

• Cleanse thy hands of this pollution;
Boast no more of stripes and stars,
Now perform the great atonement;
Nations watch thee from afar.

• Each man must be up and doing,
Small and great must lend a hand,
And the women of our country
Lift their voices through the land.

• Slavic chains shall then be riven,
Link from link be torn away,
Slavery from our land be driven,
With God's help we'll win the day!

Boston, England, Oct. 19, 1852.

• Those who have read Uncle Tom's Cabin will be at no loss to recollect poor 'Topsy.'

THE DEPARTURE

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

There never yet was flower fair in vain,
Let classic poets rhyme it as they will;
The seasons tell that it may blow again;
And summer's heart does feel its every ill.

• Nor is a true soul ever born for naught;
Wherever any such hath lived and died,
There hath been something for true freedom wrought,
Some halcyon gleam on the evil side.

• Toil on, then, Greatness! Thou art in the right,
However narrow souls may call thee wrong;
Be as thou wilt in all the worlds ere long;
For worldlings cannot, struggle as they may,
From man's great soul a great thought hide away.

But when the sun, in all its state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.

The Liberator.

THE BLIND GUIDES.

A SERMON

PREACHED BEFORE THE CENTRAL SOCIETY AT LYNN, MASS., Sunday Evening, Oct. 31st, 1852.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

• Can the blind lead the blind?—LUKE 6:39.

It is an old complaint of the philosophers, that while most people keep a tight hold upon their purses, there should be so few who do not give over their souls to the good pleasure of others. Human nature falls to outgrow the disease; and here, in the modern republic, where our talk is of private responsibilities and private rights, it is as prevalent as ever. There is abundance of sagacity and prudent reserve when business interests are in view. What has he wretched these practical qualities, that they should give us the slip at the very moment when we need them the most? Where are they when we are taking moral impressions and choosing moral guides? It is startling to think how sharp-sighted one may be in his commercial relations, and how complacent and secure he may feel in consequence, while his spiritual nature has scarcely the rudimentary eyes of the mole. He may safely defy the whole business world to cheat him at a bargain; and yet he is so blind that he cannot distinguish a Principle from a Compromise, nor protect the weak sides of his character from the flatterers and the sophists, till it has come to be too late, and they have dragged him down after them into the ditch.

We can hardly expect the blind to be very sagacious in the choice of guides. The complaint we make is, that a man of practical skill and prudence should be blind—blind in precisely the direction in which blindness is positive ruin; that he should overlook the simplest precautions in protecting his conscience, in a way which would mortify him beyond measure, if, instead of the conscience, it were the pocket he had to guard; that he should think no inspection of his neighbor's honesty and solvency too cautious, when the question is one of money, and yet allow some chance association or contagious excitement to throw his moral and spiritual destiny into worthless hands.

It is a comfortable belief, doubtless, that we are living in a sinless Eden, where only the voices of God and the angels are audible; that no one can possibly forget nor mistake the Eternal Laws; that all the vague impulses, and first impressions, and passionate animadversions, may safely be trusted;—and your sacred man of business will stake his soul upon the comfortable belief. But would he stake one dollar out of his pocket upon it? O, no! The dollar shall be guarded, and the soul take its chance. Our moral sight is dull enough, at best. But we will draw over our eyes the films of a lazy indifference, and so be stone-blind.

Friends, it is worth while to ask ourselves what sort of guidance we are following, and in what way we follow it. Sooner than accept moral or spiritual bondage of any sort, it were better that we fall back upon the opposite extreme of an inaccessible pride, like that of the Eastern Emperor, who sternly rejected the rich gift of a neighboring prince, saying that 'neither he nor his predecessors had been wont to take; that it was their office to give.' To the perils of that frail and easy virtue which keeps no guard over the freedom and clearness of the moral sense, all other perils are as the summer shower to the hurricane. The danger is the more insidious, because it usually begins far back in a bad system of education; because the neglect of moral safeguards is an old and settled habit before it begins to be a sin. The first step to vice of any sort is seldom a deliberate choice. A strong attraction offers itself, and simply because the moral safeguard has not been placed at its proper post, the character yields passively in the direction proposed. As the habit goes on gaining strength by indulgence, of course any thing like real choice becomes less and less practicable, and when, at last, the conscience begins to see the sin, there is not felt enough interest in right principles to raise it into protest. Here is the worst part of the prevailing indifference to proper moral guidance, that it has resulted in the prevailing inability to make any choice whatever in that respect.

In what sense can the young man be said to choose his guide, who, in sauntering about the penny paper shops or railroad stations, is attracted by the title of one of those pestilential cheap novels which flood the country with their corruption, and gets his first impressions of sensuality from the cunning turn of its sentences, and the perhaps unexpressed aim of its plot? While the poison is working subtly in his blood, and a feverish thirst for its pleasures is perpetually leading him back to those full springs, flowing up from the black fetid pools of the lowest Pit, is it a deliberate choice that is steadily urging him on from impurity in thought to iniquity in deed?

Or take a case of another kind. In what sense can one be said to choose moral and religious guides, who has listened from his childhood, in the same church, to preachers of the current gospel of Despair—to men whose arrogance lays claim to faculty in doctrine, and hurls its anathemas against the good and true of opposite belief; and whose spurious conservatism ignores progress and flouts at a philanthropy as old as the morning stars? It would scarcely be charitable to think that many rational beings would deliberately choose such guides. The fact is, there is very little choice in the matter; there is very little besides ecclesiastical inertia, and habitual respect for certain pulpits and pews, as well as for set formulas, ritual and dogma, whose virtue consists mainly in their familiarity and punctual recitation. It is very noticeable how slight a matter of custom, association, hereditary property, or the like, holds multitudes of men and women to the support of religious teachings, from which it is hard to believe they can get either comfort or light.

By what manner of choice is it that so many take their moral judgments ready-made from the rich man, or the shrewd man, or the nerving skeptical man, or the opinionated man, or the sophisticated man? This imitation comes, as the old writer hath it, 'by contagion, not by discretion.' It does the petty oracle as little honor as it does his votary, for there is no calm and free election about it. A sort of sleepy gravitation is a dull and lazy drawing towards such authorities as are nearest, and know how to work upon those passions and interests which happen for the time to be uppermost. There is a cunning play of hands over the soulless mimicry—the ghastly reflex of a foreign will.

And so, more truly so, in politics. You can offer a man no insult that he will resent more than the charge that he does not choose his own leaders. Yet it is as plain as fact can make it, and every politician can see it in all parties but his own, that the leaders choose instead of being chosen. They form the party plots; they make themselves essential to the interests of one man by flattery his conceit with office or praise, and audaciously manage the prejudices of another. They have chosen their followers as theologians have imagined Divine Predestination choosing its reprobates; shaping their ways to sure destruction, while they at their ease were fancying heaven just at hand. If it is a farce, it is certainly a mournful one, the multitude of citizens duped and enjailed on from folly to folly, and apostasy to apostasy, by demagogue editors and stump-speakers, all the while announcing these, with a democratic self-complacency, as their organs, their representatives, their servants! What unscrupulous manoeuvre, what outrage upon private reputation, what infernal barbarity will not the partisan accept and encourage, on the authority of his 'Organ' that it is necessary for the success of his party? And what sophistry is too dishonest and too barefaced to look like dishonesty itself, when the same authority stamps it as fair and sound! To be

sure, the organ is owned and controlled by the party and the body of subscribers, and he is an integral portion of both. But such integral portions as he—and it does little credit to his wit that he is so slow to apprehend the fact—have little to do with the great machinery of means and ends, with the platforms, and the candidates, and the messages; just thus much and no more—to shout for them when they are got ready, and follow them, right or wrong. I can find no better illustration of this folly of the partisan in supposing that he chooses his own leaders, than that of the wealthy Roman, of whom it was said that he kept literary men to prompt him, now with a sentence from this and now from that author, that he might get the name of being learned, and who 'really fancied that all this wisdom was his own, because it was in the heads of those who lived on his bounty.'

But it is worse than folly. It is too fatal. Covered up as all this Indifference, and Stupidity, and Inertness, and Moral Cowardice, under the name of Political Necessity—commended to feel: consciences by all attachments and business interests—coming on, as it does, slowly and insidiously, it seems to the partisan to bear no relation whatever to the duties and destinies of the Soul. But if there be any possibility of a moment's serious reflection, let him ask himself, without delay, if such utter abandonment to the manifest compromises and apostasies of political life is not paralyzing his spiritual organs, the very nerves and senses of his immortal part! O, it is too perilous, this strange self-deception and self-abuse, in the very opening of our Everlasting Journey, for words to tell!

It is to the peculiar nature of these political perils that I now ask your earnest attention. What, after all, is the moral guide to which the majority of this people pay political homage? There is a Sovereign Power to which the Religious, the Intellectual, and the Moral, the Honest, and the Consistent, and the Patriotic, and the Humane, are all sacrificed, as so much sheer prejudice and blank abstraction, whenever it says the word. What is that Power? What is the Arch Enemy, that struts into every home, to slay the living loves of husband and wife and little ones at the very heartstone? What is it that must be warded off from you, with a two-edged sword of flame? There are many idols against which good men will warn you, and on which they will lay the heavy charges of our national sins. They will cry against Idolatry of Official Power, of Intellectual without Virtue, of the Hosiery, of the Political Journal, of the Church. And with some reason. But there are another Idolatry, in comparison with which these are of small account. It is the Idolatry of Party Success. Before this idol, all the others fall and are broken. It is worshipped sometimes from one motive, sometimes from another motive; but its throne is erected over the prostrate consciences and hearts of all its worshippers. Against this I warn you. Our great American idol is not the Church, by any means. The Church, or what passes for the Church, is, in the main, the Puppet of Party, and does the Party's work. Party puts the preachers into the pulpits, and turns them out. Time-serving Doctors of Divinity have their lesson to learn, and Party sets it. They are to stand in the Pulpits as emblems of the ruling party in the Pews, and by force of that position to control the minorities and bring the prestige of Religion—yes, that is the plain fact—to bear as Party Capital. I do not wish to overstate the matter. I would far rather fall short of the shameful truth than go beyond it. If any man can find satisfaction in telling how the old and beautiful sanctities of the Church are dishonored in these days, and the prestige of that free Gospel which came down from Heaven to relieve prices, and put the pride and wrath of man under its feet, let out for wages to serve as Party Capital, he must be of other make than mine. What I must say, I will say briefly, and leave you to comment. Do not let us talk so much of the danger of idolizing the Church. As soon might we fear the timid camp follower who feebly echoes the shout of an army. The most the Churches can do for evil is to mumble the burden of a Party war song, intelligently enough even if the lips are shut, to give the requisite religious sanction, and bring up the over-scrupulous lazzarini to the front. The utmost they can do is to profess that they love not the company of those stiff prophetic necks that still stand upright and to rid themselves of it if they may. The influence of the Pulpit, as a whole, in this country, is too humbling for any thing like Idolatry. Fear not the power of the Pulpit. Fear the power of the Master who has bound the Pulpit.

The attitude of the Theological Press as a whole, is quite as unbecoming, and the idea of idolizing a thing so obnoxious and servile, quite as absurd. With one or two honorable exceptions, it holds the public attention by the tenure of a Party Puppet—that is, it either echoes the programme of some particular party, right or wrong, or it tries its tongue so as to satisfy the demands of all parties. Let me give you a specimen. Many of you have been wont to look to the Unitarian press for a pronounced and manly attitude on the side of Liberty. See how the Christian Register, the organ of that denomination, defines its present position to its Whig and Democratic subscribers. After appealing to all true patriots and Christians to 'stand by their principles, and by the men who are the ablest and truest representatives of them, through all obloquy and defeat,' it proceeds to apply the generous and noble sentiment in this wise:—'We have nothing to say of the particular National Election which is now at hand, though our remarks are suggested by it (!) We have made up our mind to cast our vote this time for one of the two (two?) prominent candidates, but we shall do so with great reluctance, and with an indignant though silent protest against some of the resolutions passed by the Convention which nominated the man for whom our vote is to be given. The Fugitive Slave Law we can under no circumstances recognize as an irreparable law, &c. An indignant protest against the political doctrines of the man, for whom we intend to vote because he is the ablest and truest representative of our principles! And whether he be Whig or Democrat we do not venture to say, only we will vote for him this time, and with an indignant, though silent, protest! Is this the diet they put grown men and women upon?

But there is no need to comment on the above quotation. It speaks for itself, and sufficiently illustrates what has been said of the position of the Ecclesiastical organs generally. It is rather an extreme case, but it shows the general bearing and direction of less aggravated ones. I repeat to you, that the danger is not from idolizing the Church. The poor Church is in very low estate. I do not mean the Church real, friends. No such fall for that. Serene, eternally strong and triumphant, in the bosom of unchanging Truth and Power and Love, that Church abides, and the falling away of sects and forms from its law cannot harm it. Not the Church real, but the Church nominal—the Church accredited by the State. It is of this I am speaking. This is that lies low.

Neither is our great idol in this country the Political Journal. This, too, is the Puppet of Party. It is not editorial talent usually, nor editorial virtue, that sustains the newspaper. It is simply the Party Conformity of the editor. Party keeps him in his chair or turns him out at its pleasure, as he will or will not be its Puppet. He can dupe and mystify the voters, doubtless, to almost any extent. But then he must have good party authority for what he says; and it is not that that says it, after all, but the party manager somewhere else. His party has a sovereign contempt of his character, and yet it will sustain him, so long as he proves a good tool of the managers.

But are the party managers and demagogues our idols? No more than the Church or the Journal. They are Puppets too. They are perfectly well understood to be simply the machinery for party success. The cheers at the caucuses do not mean admiration of the orator. They mean success to the Party. Let him but turn his back on his old confederates (or some conviction's sake, or let them but turn away from him—

There is no denying to him, that so soon as a man gets into office, and begins to wield the influence of a high position, he straightway becomes an oracle. Strip off the finery, and he may be a clown; it is no matter. He has got the office by mere juggling, un-deserved patronage, bribery perhaps—it is no matter. The position makes a new man of him. Not because it is Position. Not at all—the opposite party will vilify him all the more for his high station—but because it is the position which embodies the Party. Yesterday, his opinion was of no particular consequence. Now, it will outweigh that of a dozen wiser and better men. But this is only because it is the Party opinion, spoken through the official Puppet of the party. Do we think it would be so easy for the stump orators, every four years, to keep the people listening and responding in caucuses, night after night, to their ridiculous clap-trap laudations of some Presidential candidate, who must be worked up, as a matter of course, into a great Statesman and a great Fighter—if it were not the party that is to get all the glory and reward, after all? It is very generally understood, that in this pushing Democracy of ours, the best and fittest men are not at all likely to get into the position of candidates for high office. It is very generally understood, that the surest way to preferment is a hard conceit and a ready subservience. It is well enough understood, that candidates are usually selected at National Conventions, not for the good things they have done in statesmanship, but for having done little or nothing of the kind, either for good or for evil; not for being men of personal capacity and reason, who will leave their mark upon the National character, but for being men who can be chosen, and men who can be made to sign the party platform, and do the party bidding. There is no lack of shrewd perception on these matters. It is not the man, but the Party, that these caucuses are cherishing to the echo, as he will find very speedily, if he dares resist the party will.

There is a wide spread and dangerous admiration of what passes current for Intellect; of mere energy of will and grasp of understanding, apart from all moral regards whatever. But though our political habits are not a little infected with this propensity, there is an Idolatry which overrules and sets it aside. There is something more potent with us than Intellect of any sort, either rightly or wrongly used, either the intellect of mere practical talent, or the intellect of moral and religious genius. The breath of Party will sweep a political field of both, at its pleasure. The grave has just closed over the mortal remains of a man whom the People have been wont to eulogize as a miracle of Intellect; whose talents have been, from time to time, the crowning boast of the party to which he belonged. I do not allude to him now either to praise or to blame. For good or for evil, there is little more that he can be made to do, by any words of ours. I have spoken, freely and fully, my opinion of his character and conduct, while he lived, and now I am content to be silent. But the close of his career is an impressive confirmation of what has just been said; and I ask you to consider with what a base concern that much lauded Intellect was deserted when it stood in the way of party triumph. Will this ever mockery of bells, cannons and craps serve to hide the open secret, that what is now so complacently the cheap courtesy of outward parade, was cast down in dishonor and thrust aside without scruple, at the dictation of party avails? No, friends, whatever perils we may be encountering from the worship of mere personal Talent, there is an Idol a hundred fold more potent; and it is time we look to this, with at least as much concern as to the doings of its fallen dupes. Before this, Calhoun, Clay, Webster go down and are, practically, well-nigh forgotten before the gross groans once over their graves—forgotten with the last rebuffs of the cannon, the last appeals of the funeral eulogy, the last tones of the tolling bells—forgotten in new men, new conflicts, new issues, new sophistries and plots. As it stands towering above the great men and the little men, and leaders and led go down the depths of its gigantic shadow into the pit at its feet, it seems as if no power could break that fearful spell it is weaving so far, so wide, over conscience and will. Here, friends, is the Giant that would have the souls of your children. Atheism and Barbarism are written in the blackness of his scornful brow. He will have unqualified, unconditional allegiance; for he claims to stand instead of Religion, and Justice, and Philanthropy, and to hold the keys of Heaven and Hell!

And what, at this moment, is the controlling element in his nature? What directs his Policy and dictates his Law? You know the answer. The slave system of the South; that blasting falsehood, and world-wide shame of the Nation. And what stands behind that, and gives it efficiency at North and South? What but the Mammon of Selfishness—a Shadow only, whose Reality is in our Hearts and Wills? We, the people, have set up the Shadow to be our God, and forgotten that it is we who make it, and we who can destroy it.

Shadow or substance, this is the guide we are to choose or to reject. If we do not choose at all, but inertly and carelessly follow blind attractions, then are we lost. As one who sits beside his night fire in the forest, while the beasts go prowling round, waiting till he shall fall asleep and the fire die out, even so must we be watching, each and all. The Idol has his agents and ministers lurking round you, and their eyes are never turned from yours—the cunning, intriguing men, the unscrupulous men, the ambitious men, the party plotters and the party drillers. There is something in you that will serve the purposes of such men—they will use you for these purposes, and then throw you away in contempt, to grovel in the shame and wretchedness they are preparing for themselves. Are not your souls worth being kept from the wolves and vultures? If you are to have guides, let them be such as will not spoil you of honor and truth, to feed their mean ambition. 'Accept no person against thy soul, neither let reverence for any man cause thee to fall.' The blind guides have no power over you, but what they borrow from the great Idol. Renounce him, and you are secure. When we shall stand naked and defenceless before the Retributions of the Eternal Laws, when no party demagogues nor cunning manoeuvres of Expediency will avail one jot to help us out of our hands, when the question will be—What has thou done with thy brothers, with God's little ones?—when Conscience can no longer be sneered off, nor the Higher Law be flouted at for fanaticism and insanity, but both shall stand over us and judge our deeds—O, then, miserable indeed will it be for us, if we can only plead that we have saved our souls, by bowing down to Slavery and Mammon, the Friends that bathe upon human souls!

their old principles at the dictation of expediency, while he abides by those principles—and forthwith the cheers turn to hisses, and he for whose public services no praise was too high, becomes too contemptible to be treated with common decency and respect. There is no idolatry for the person of the party leader. He can lead nobody astray on the strength of his own interests merely. He must prove a party expediency, or he may as well argue to the driving snowstorm. If he can prove the party expediency, he shall have his way. But he shall not therefore get personal respect. That is another matter. Would the New York Tribune, which has made so many Anti-Slavery professions, be suffered to appeal to slaveholders to vote for the Whig candidate for the Presidency, on the ground that his defeat would help the Anti-Slavery cause—would it be suffered to resort to any such manoeuvre as this, without indignant rebuke from the best men in the party, if the editor were not supposed to be acting as the interests of the party required? It is not respect for the man, but idolatry of the party, that shuts their lips, and makes them cover the shame with their shameful connivance.

High Office and Position has always been more or less of an Idol. But that, too, is a Puppet with us. There is no denying to be sure, that so soon as a man gets into office, and begins to wield the influence of a high position, he straightway becomes an oracle. Strip off the finery, and he may be a clown; it is no matter. He has got the office by mere juggling, un-deserved patronage, bribery perhaps—it is no matter. The position makes a new man of him. Not because it is Position. Not at all—the opposite party will vilify him all the more for his high station—but because it is the position which embodies the Party. Yesterday, his opinion was of no particular consequence. Now, it will outweigh that of a dozen wiser and better men. But this is only because it is the Party opinion, spoken through the official Puppet of the party. Do we think it would be so easy for the stump orators, every four years, to keep the people listening and responding in caucuses, night after night, to their ridiculous clap-trap laudations of some Presidential candidate, who must be worked up, as a matter of course, into a great Statesman and a great Fighter—if it were not the party that is to get all the glory and reward, after all? It is very generally understood, that in this pushing Democracy of ours, the best and fittest men are not at all likely to get into the position of candidates for high office. It is very generally understood, that the surest way to preferment is a hard conceit and a ready subservience. It is well enough understood, that candidates are usually selected at National Conventions, not for the good things they have done in statesmanship, but for having done little or nothing of the kind, either for good or for evil; not for being men of personal capacity and reason, who will leave their mark upon the National character, but for being men who can be chosen, and men who can be made to sign the party platform, and do the party bidding. There is no lack of shrewd perception on these matters. It is not the man, but the Party, that these caucuses are cherishing to the echo, as he will find very speedily, if he dares resist the party will.

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Friends, let us look now at a direct and practical matter. To such of you as are about to vote in the coming Election, I must say a word in conclusion upon that subject. I am not standing here, as you will know, to plead the cause of any party. I am neither a Whig, nor a Democrat, nor a Free Soiler, even. I am, and have always been, an Abolitionist. I wage moral warfare against a slaveholding Constitution, as well as against a Fugitive Slave Law and a Spirit of Slavery Extension. If I cannot vote without putting my name, personally or by proxy, to a document, some of whose provisions my soul abhors, then I will be content with moral effort, and the incessant protest of the lip and the life; well knowing that these are the mightiest and deepest energies, after all. If others can take the meaning of those provisions differently, then I for one will not quarrel with their sincere political labors for the same end with my moral labors. I confess to a strong sympathy with the general aim of the Free Soil party, and have no hesitation in saying, that but for my convictions with respect to the Constitution, I should sometimes sustain it with my vote. Its present National platform I regard as decidedly the best system of measures, on the whole, which any political party has proposed within the century. With its State policy of Coalition, I have no sympathy whatever; and I believe it to be repugnant to the instincts of its best and wisest men. I can see no consistency in putting into office, with one hand, a man whose principles I do not approve, in order to put into office with the other hand a man whose principles I do approve. But of State politics I do not intend to speak now. The National Free Soil Party is not responsible for the intrigues of its Massachusetts members.

Yet I repeat it; I do not undertake to advise any man to vote for one party or for another party. This I say. Your vote, if it means anything—and something it does mean, for it is a solemn trust you are discharging for the weal or woe of your fellow-citizens, and for the honor or shame of your own soul—your vote means your moral principles, your moral convictions. It implies and affirms that you have such convictions, such convictions. Your vote for a candidate means your approval of his principles, and those of the party which nominates him, principles which are laid down in the platform he stands on, and is pledged to maintain. This is unquestionable. Do you realize how shocking to all morality and reason is the novel sophism of the New York Tribune and Christian Register, that you have a right to put a man into office by your vote, at the same time that you repudiate the principles he is pledged to carry out when he gets there? What else can such a vote be but a direct and positive falsehood in the face of God and man? I do not say that every man who casts such a vote deliberately affirms a lie. I know the power of party delirium. I know the easy credulity of a party conscience. But for all that, in the eye of Christian morality, the act has no truth, no Honor, no Manliness, about it. Yet you are proof against the temptations of these scandalous ethics of moral cowardice and party desperation. I trust that to not one of you his party is worth the sacrifice of Truth, that sin against all sober conviction, that apostasy involving likewise other apostasies to come, in a series that cannot be fathomed. It seems to be fashionable to regard party allegiance as a fixed necessity, which you must take for granted as a starting point for all political action, no more to be put aside or questioned than the facts of the material universe. I trust you are ready to take nothing for granted which is wrong; to start from no point but an honest faith in God and the Right; to put aside party allegiance as you would any other sin, as soon as you are convinced that a sin it is.

Look seriously then at the position in which you will have placed yourself, if you vote for the candidate of either of the two great parties. Both of them have openly pledged themselves to the support of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the one to discountenance, and the other to resist, all agitation of the cause of the slave. This you know; and if you follow them in this impious Crusade against the Justice of Heaven and the best interests of the Human Heart, you do it with your eyes open, to the fact. You have not the excuse of ignorance any more than the excuse of necessity. You have no excuse but the interests of your party, or the interests of your pocket. And what are these excuses worth to cover the enormity of such an act as yours?

You place yourself in the position of a conspirator to silence free discussion, and to perpetrate a most detestable cruelty and wrong, compared with which all the ordinary forms of tyranny are mortal and just. Your speakers have the face to tell you, when they dare to touch the point at all, which is seldom, that this is in order to save the Republic! If you do not turn and walk straight out of a party which undertakes to save a Republic by putting down freedom of thought and speech, and raising the bloody whips of Tyrants to scourge the Poor, then the most charitable thing I can say for you, is that you have forgotten what I mean by the name Republic once had for you; that you do not know, or do not care, what it means to be a citizen, and to use a citizen's rights and powers.

But they tell you this objectionable part of the platform is a small matter; a collateral matter; a matter entirely unimportant by the side of great interests involved in the Election. We are quite used to